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Letter from Kate C. Barton to Floride, March 24

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Claymont. March 24th.

"Home again" you see dearest F. & I, and
possessed for the second time of some leisure
time to devote to a chat with you. I wrote
you a letter of nearly four sheets last
Tuesday, but in checking out my portfolio
after I had finished I was unfortunate
or stupid enough, to lose the letter I had
just completed, in company with some
old ones I wished to destroy. It is always
the case if I do any thing particularly
well, I am sure to undo it in some way
or other. That was decidedly the most
interesting epistle I have perpetrated for
a long time, which I imagine accounts for
my stupidity in destroying it. Hence I
will try to make due amends this evening,
though my mood is not so promising at
present and I am writing with rather a
selfish end - is to be "brightened up" - some
- what. I returned last Tuesday a mail

after a delightful visit to the city of nearly
two months. I wish I could give you some
idea of how much I enjoyed it, or better
still I wish, almost wish, that you
could have enjoyed it with me. I spent
two weeks first with Son Cuff, and four
afterwards with Annie Bell. During
my stay, time was very dissipated, as
well by day as night. One evening
was all taken up, with parties, company,
or gaudy of some description, and days
with visitors, walks and engagements. We
attended some very large parties, exactly
like all other places of the kind, and one
at which the early part of the evening was
taken up with private theatricals, followed
by a regular small ball. I had never met
any of our hosts family before, but they
were friends of Annie's, and you shall judge
of how they entertained, for yourself. First
we were shown down into a dimly lighted
parlour, with seats arranged to accommodate
140 persons. Being quite early, we seemed

excellent plans, and amused ourselves watching
the people come till half past eight, when
the curtain rose and the acting commenced.
The house is excellently arranged for anything
of this sort, and the room was well fitted up.
They first played an sentimental "farce",
the plot of which was after the most appor-
-ed novel style; and acted it splendidly.
My friend Emma Lafette taking the prin-
-cipal part. They finished up the per-
-formances, with a most comical farce -
"Si on parle Francais". It was more amusing
and showed more talent than the first,
but still not quite so much to my mind.
The plot was after this wise. A Dutchman
wealthy, but miserly (Mr Spiggens), takes
a large house, and puts his wife and daughter
up in the attic, offering the other portion of
the house to persons in search of accommodations
of that sort, putting in the window as an induce-
-ment to foreigners, the placard "Si on parle
Francais". The first persons who patronize him,
are a young Frenchman, who speaks very

broken English and has come to this country in
 search of a situation when he got in Paris
 the winter previous, and who is now engaging
 lodgings for a young married lady, who being
 separated from her husband on her wedding
 trip, takes herself in the young Englishman
 for protection. She may imagine the
 ridiculous mistake made by all parties, during
 the engaging of the room, in which time,
 poor Mr. Spriggins is continually reduced to
 the mortifying necessity of referring to his
 "French before Breakfast," a book which
 contains the phrases, or which his pretensions
 to a knowledge of that language rest. After
 a deal of ridiculous conversation between all parties
 the young husband comes in search of his bride,
 but being of a jealous temperament he leaves
 Mr. Spriggins to such a tenth degree, that
 that worthy cannot scarcely know what
 he is standing of his head, or his heels
 and informs the Mayor that his wife is not
 there, and sends him a post down town, in
 search of her. Of course he does not find

Mar 24

her, but hears instead, of the falsehood, but
I told him, and returned in a fury, to fight
- on the poor miser into telling the truth.
A violent scene ensued, in the midst of
which the Bride enters, an explanation of
course follows, ~~and an explanation~~ reconcil-
- iation takes place. The poor blundering
Frenchman too is made happy by finding
his sweetheart in the presence of his sweet
daughter Angelina, and Mr Spriggins
pleased by the great match his child
is making; gives up "letting lodgings," and
thrusts French to the side, and the
curtain falls while all the happy people
are rejoicing over the great achievement.
I think you would decidedly have preferred
this latter play; and it was really admir-
- ably carried out in every way. The
dressing commenced about ten o'clock, when
the chairs were cleared away, the curtains
and stage removed, and the room both
brilliantly lighted. It was rather an ill

assorted company, nobody seemed to know
any one but themselves, and we in company
with many others amused ourselves intensely
with observations on the people. It was
very amusing as they were those of us, but
had I been alone, I really think I should
have experienced a mortification. We stood
playing the part of chimney sweep, I told
and Gandy in yellow, and Missus flowers,
long after the time for theatricals was past.
We knew no one in the room, and as our
entertainers (?) went on the principle of not
introducing, we did not become acquainted.
Finally supper was announced, and fearing
we might be neglected at that conspicuous
time, we removed our chairs to the chimney
place in the back parlour which we immediately
proceeded to support as we had the front
one. In reward for our noble honour we
received a lot of recognition from our hostess
and her daughter. Necessarily in this way
up to supper, and we should then have been forced
to the painful alternative of assisting each

other upstairs, with no prospect of being
waited on after getting there, had not our
host just passed the door as the last
couple filed past us, and seeing our
forlorn condition taken pity upon us. He
looked us up, pushed us into the supper room,
and — — — — — left us. The talk is well
as we could see through the crowd, looked
very tempting and smelt appetizing, how
the collation tasted I cannot say, for my
engagement there of race diverted only from
the senses of smell and sight. Spring peas,
chocolate ices, and fine fruits were not des-
tined to allay the hunger and thirst,
which these nothing delicacies had inspired
in me. After partaking imaginerarily, of
a quite elegant sufficiency, of theainties
spread before us, we helped ourselves down
to the parlour, where we enjoyed the dancing
as we had the supper, till the carriage was
announced, when unobtrusively, as we had
before the evening concluded it, and being
once more at home we "gave thanks" that

we were at length out of the palace,
 where we had left so many maidens equally
 die could be with ourselves. Now I think I
 beg you will never again consider yourself
 neglected, if any one casts the peepers even,
 at you; if such is the case, remember
 your cousin's experience and be grateful, that
 it is not yours. Do not think however that
 all my evenings were so unfortunate, all
 the other parties we attended were charming,
 and Annie gave us one week before last,
 which was one of the pleasantest I ever
 was at. A few evenings before I left, a
 few girls came over to spend the evening,
 and we got up an impromptu play, in
 which I took the part of a fascinating
 young English Lord, and made love to the
 ladies deplorably. I flourished in an
 arucoat, hat and phume, eye-glass,
 monocle and cigar, and completed
 the whole with heavy eye-brows, and was
 a handsome, as a "lord," that all the
 girls gave their hearts into my keeping, and

mar 24

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made me regret more than ever, that such
the sacrifice I could not do the necessary
sacrifice. Is it not a shame that such a
fine young man should be lost to the
world? Indeed I have come to the conclusion
that some unfortunate man has the feminine
nature I have been defrauded of, and can only
live to transmigration to rectify all present
faults. *Halbi Gutt* whom I
suppose you recollect, spent two weeks
with Anna Rachel, whilst I was there.
She is ~~very~~ little altered as regards appearance,
but I think there is a greater change. She
was ~~quiet~~ *quiet*, but now, such a vacillating
she was, I really think an idea would be
a good deal to her, though such a party might
be lost in the heart of her mind. The
only faults that can be made to flourish
that are vanity, pride, and love of admi-
ration. They are of spontaneous growth,
and being of a cat's paw, will stand for hours
without an instance of it. *Homage to you*

the devil his due, and announce scandal,
I assure you the girl is kind hearted, and
nearly selfless, and has the additional
merit of remembering you perfectly. She begged
me to remember her to you when I wrote again.
I went out to Truck (for the birthday
before I returned to Claymont, and to my
surprise found Billie seated in an arm chair
with her foot wrapped in an enormous
bandage, crocheting a cushion. He informed
me that he had sprained his foot exactly
as his father did, and is now limping about
with the assistance of crutches. I hope however
as he is young, he will not have such a
tedious time as poor Truck had. Auntie
was not very well then but as she was in the
city to-day when Truck was up, I suppose she
is quite well again. Mattie and Calie are
still in New Brunswick where they seem to
be having a delightful time, going frequently
to New York, where they have done all their
spring shopping. Mattie and you would
agree perfectly about New York - she is

shared with it, and has quite lost all
opinion of Philadelphia. She has several
been on hand now with whom she corresponds
"corresponding to L'ordinaire". Mr. Powell, she believes
is among the most adroit, Mr. Street
still on the tapis. This is however entirely
gone, so now write at it to them when
you wish. They are coming home on Friday.
I am sure; for it is so pleasant here without
them. I expect Mary will write you soon
after and tell you about their trip. She
told me of doing so yesterday, but could
not accomplish the purpose. The country
is now quiet now, both from Lent, and
contrasted to my late dissipation. Last
Sunday was one of our first and most
delightful spring days, and I gratified
my desire for a long walk, and spent the
evening here at Hydes with Mary and the
Bishop. The result was a cold, which has
troubled me up now or less ever since. So
to-day I had no voice at all but in the
afternoon I took a walk of four miles and

tonight are organs of articulation are
 convalescent. I am deep now in the mysteries
 of making my Spring clothing, and expect you
 in fitting myself - I think. We are all pretty
 busy, for we have a Sewing Society which meets
 every Wednesday afternoon, to work for a Fair to be
 held here in July, for the benefit, of a new
 church in the neighbourhood. Mary has
 just returned from Dennis where she has
 been spending the evening. All the others are
 at some place, except your cousin who stayed
 home to have a chat with you. Mrs Glenn came
 down this afternoon to spend a couple of days,
 I am glad it is no more, I have no fancy
 for her. It strikes me that I
 have approaching footsteps on the porch, and
 they come just in time, for ^{the next office of} my brain is
 completely emptied, and I see myself in danger
 of becoming tricecum. All are asleep up-
 stairs, and the sounds of different tones of voices,
 which reach my ears, warn me that you
 will fall asleep in the arms of "Napoleon" soon
 if I provoke you further; so for fear of meeting